I may be prowd. She takes ſtrong note of me,
Hath made me neere her ; and this beuteous Morne
(The prim'ſt of all the yeare)preſents me with
A brace of horſes,two ſuch Steeds might well
Be by a paire of Kings backt,in a Field
That their crownes titles tride : Alas,alas
Poore Coſen *Palamon*,poore priſoner,thou
So little dream'ſt upon my fortune,that
Thou thinkſt thy ſelfe, the happier thing,to be
So neare *Emilia*,me thou deem'ſt at *Thebs*,
And therein wretched,although free ; But if
Thou knew'ſt my Miſtris breathd on me,and that
I ear'd her language , livde in her eye; O Coz
What paſſion would encloſe thee.

Enter Palamon as out of a Buſh, with his Shackles: bends his fiſt at Arcite.

Palamon. Traytor kinſeman,
Thou ſhouldſt perceive my paſſion,if theſe ſignes
Of priſonment were off me,and this hand
But owner of a Sword : By all othes in one
I,and the iuſtice of my love would make thee
A confeſt Traytor,o thou moſt perfidious
That ever gently lookd the voydes of honour.
That eu'r bore gentle Token ; falſeſt Coſen
That ever blood made kin,call'ſt thou hir thine?
Ile prove it in my Shackles,with theſe hands,
Void of appointment,that thou ly'ſt,and art
A very theefe in love,a Chaffy Lord
Nor worth the name of villaine : had I a Sword
And theſe houſe clogges away.

Arc. Deere Coſin *Palamon*,

Pal. Coſoner *Arcite*,give me language,ſuch
As thou haſt ſhewd me feate.

Arc. Not finding in
The circuit of my breaſt, any groſſe ſtuffe
To forme me like your blazon,holds me to
This gentleneſſe of anſwer;tis your paſſion
That thus miſtakes,the which to you being enemy,
Cannot to me be kind : honor,and honeſtie

I cheriſh,and depend on,ho
You skip them in me,and w
Ile maintaine my proceedin
To ſhew in generous terme
Your queſtion's with your
To cleare his owne way,wi
Of a true Gentleman.

Pal. That thou durſt *A*

Arc. My Coz,my Coz,y
How much I dare,y'ave ſee
Againſt th'advice of feare:
You would not heare me d
Should breake out,though

Pal. Sir,
I have ſeene you move in ſu
Might juſtifie your manho
A good knight and a bold
If any day it rayne : Their
Men looſe when they encli
And then they fight like co
Were they not tyde.

Arc. Kinſman,you migh
Speake this,and act it in yo
His eare,which now diſda

Pal. Come up to me,
Quit me of theſe cold Gyv
Though it be ruſtie,and th
Of one meale lend me;Com
A good Sword in thy hand
That *Emily* is thine,I will
The treſpaſſe thou haſt do
If then thou carry't,and bra
That have dyde manly,wh
Some newes from earth,th
That thou art brave,and n

Arc. Be content,
Againe betake you to your
With counſaile of the nigh
With wholeſome viands ;

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Two Noble Kinsmen* (STC 11075) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C